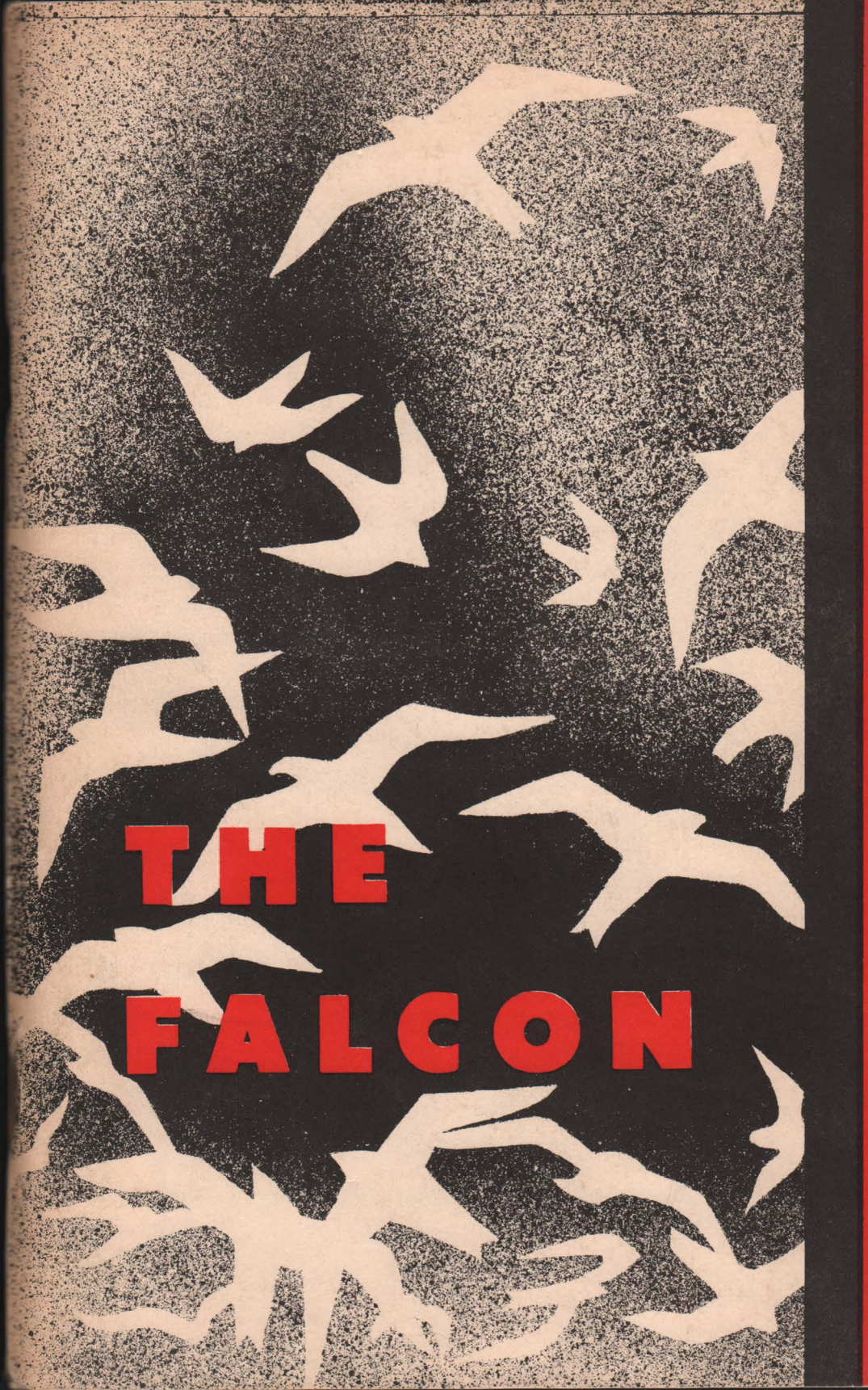
THE
FALCON

THE FALCON

LITERARY MAGAZINE

Spring, 1967

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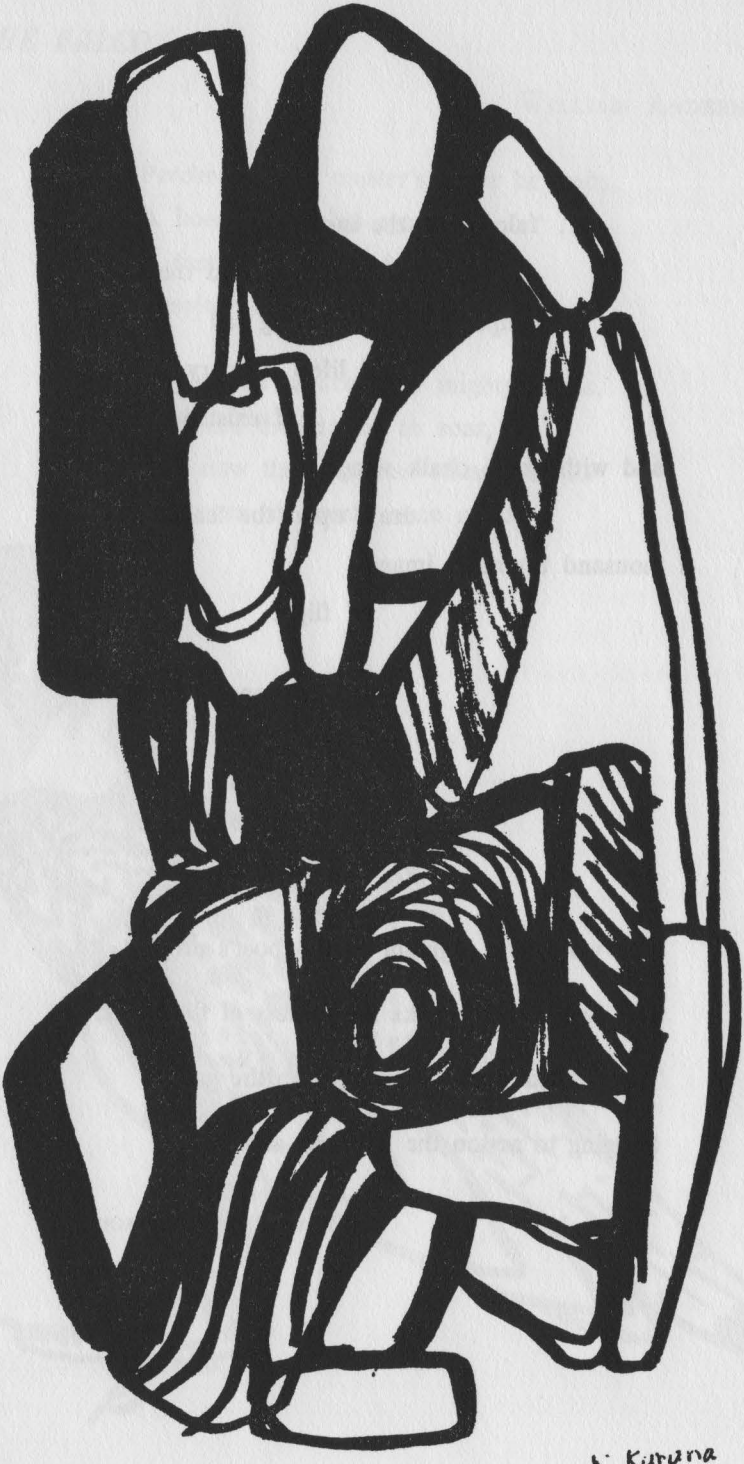


K. Kurana

. . . 'falcons of the inner eye'
dive and die
glimpsing in their dying fall
all life's memory
of existence
and with grave chalk wing
draw upon the leaded sky
a thousand threaded images
of flight

—Lawrence Ferlinghetti

The word, the pigment of the poet's art,
The word, that speaks the fulness of the heart,
The winged word, like arrow to the goal,
Stinging to action the lethargic soul.

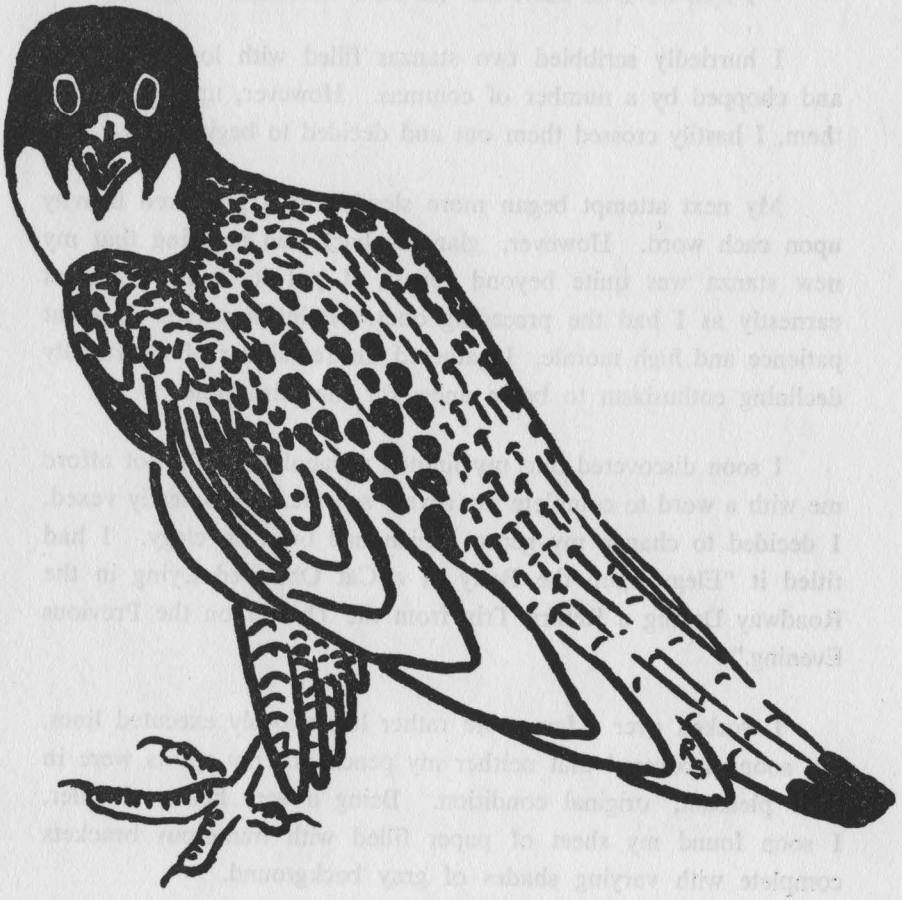
—Melville B. Anderson

THE FALCON

WILLIAM ANDERSON

Perched on his master's glove he waits,
A hood across his eyes,
A fast and fearless bird he is
Despite his petty size.

Oft has he climbed the mighty winds,
Up from the ground to soar,
And now the time has come for him
To prove his worth once more.



THE HISTORY OF A MASTERPIECE

MARY ANN STONE

Feeling quite clever, and in a fairly pleasant frame of mind, I decided the time had come to afford the literary world with a bit of poetry.

I glanced about for my glass of numerous pencils of assorted sizes and colors. I seized a short yellow one which had been badly chewed (a result of some of my previous endeavors), but which had a sharp point. Presently I found two sheets of lavender paper and earnestly began upon my masterpiece.

I hurriedly scribbled two stanzas filled with long adjectives and chopped by a number of commas. However, upon rereading them, I hastily crossed them out and decided to begin anew.

My next attempt began more slowly and I pondered heavily upon each word. However, glancing back and realizing that my new stanza was quite beyond repair, I put it to its death as earnestly as I had the preceding ones. Being a person of great patience and high morale, I gathered the remainder of my rapidly declining enthusiasm to begin anew for the third time.

I soon discovered that my limited vocabulary could not afford me with a word to complete my rhyme scheme. Completely vexed, I decided to change my genre, which had been an elegy. I had titled it "Elegy upon the Body of a Cat Observed Lying in the Roadway During a Return Trip from the Theater on the Previous Evening."

I worked over a few more rather lugubriously executed lines, but soon discovered that neither my pencil nor my spirits were in their pleasant, original condition. Being a very hearty doodler, I soon found my sheet of paper filled with numerous brackets complete with varying shades of gray background.

While in deep consternation as to the whereabouts of the remaining clean sheet, the door suddenly flew open and in tumbled five chubby faces accompanied by ten grabby, grubby little hands. Thus I learned that my eldest cousin had appointed this day to surprise me with a visit which included her five boisterous children. Still anxiously glancing about for my remaining sheet, I greeted my assailants with unwarranted civility.

After hearing my cousin's endless dissertation on her recent tonsillectomy, I turned and discovered all my pencils missing, and with some difficulty was just in the process of seating myself again, when I was confronted by another utterly mortifying sight. Ten flashing eyes were conspiring with ten dirty hands that were scribbling illegible characters onto my last sheet of clean paper.

POETIC GLANCES OF ENPITUSAN

JOHN STEYERS

I American Autumn

Beneath the trees
A streak of
Flashing chrome

A golden shower
Nature's still
At home

II Low Ceiling

October mist
Obscures
The rising sun
And building tops

A painting
Left
Undone

III The Tired Scholar

A critic's pen
Is but a spade
For digging through
What others made

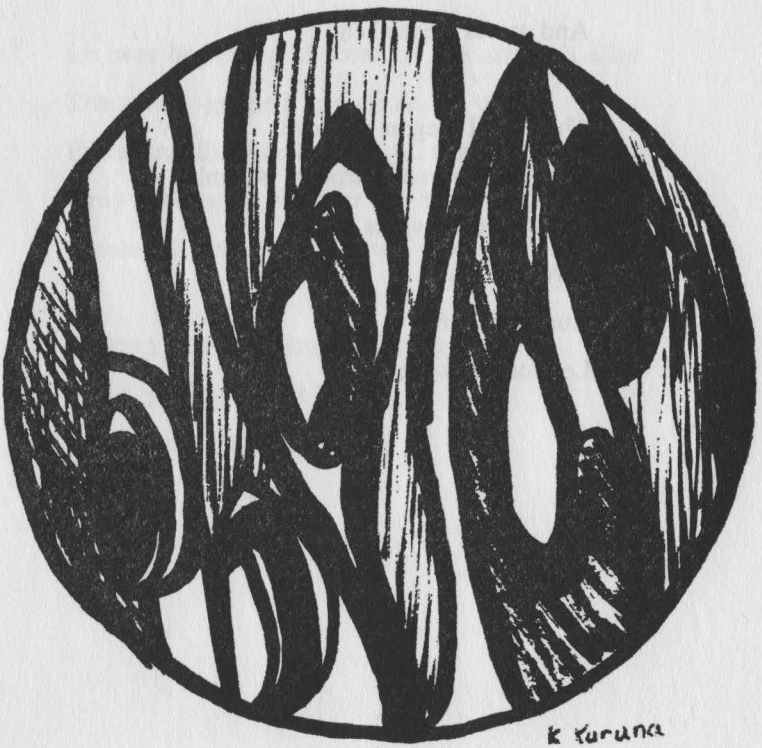
The critic too
Would be as bored
Except he thinks
It is a sword

REFLECTIONS ON AWAKING

SUSAN KANTZ

I awake from dreams
To find
Fleeting memories
Of pleasant places
Happy hours
A beloved person

But soon they pass
And are replaced
By an empty feeling
Called loneliness



GREEN LEAVES

KENNETH LINDQUIST

Last night through tears
I prayed
Let me go to sleep
And never reawaken

Then as I began to doze
A dream passed through my mind
I saw green leaves
Awoke
And whispered
Let me reawaken

COLOR-BLIND

DORIS HURLEY

My soul was in mourning for the color of fall
As I walked in the black and white world of January
The sky wore a gray chiffon mist
Sun rays filtered through veils of cloud
Grimy smoke-colored sparrows sat
On thin branches swaying in icy wind

Ice was beginning to form on the stream's edge
The water gurgled and raced in circles
Protesting the interference of winter's handiwork
Gray pebbles on the river's bed
Insisted I had never known color

Kicking out at a stone of despair
I saw peering up at me
A tiny emerald-green vine
Flaunting its color
Challenging my gloom

LIVE IT

DORIS HURLEY

I was thirsty for life
In my hand I held it
Should I tip it quickly
Sip it or save it

I was young and not so wise
But perhaps I was
Because I knew I wasn't
So I asked an old man

Old man, I said
Did you sip life or gulp it
With a dull sleepy reply
He nodded and said, I did nothing

I passed a well-dressed beautiful woman
I said, woman do you like life
Not today, said she hurrying by
But I will tomorrow it's pay day

I walked by a river bank
Children were sliding over mossy rocks
Hey kids, I screamed, you may fall in
With laughter they shouted, that's what water's for

I opened my mouth to my hand
Life I will not save or sip
I may fall in and drown
But that's what life is for

THE FRESHMAN

WILLIAM ANDERSON

This freshman wears his hair so long
Below his ears in jest
Despite the he-man shirts he wears
There's no hair on his chest

HOMEWORK

PETER KNEISS

Sparkling waters and dead cows
Blight the lovely dancer's song
Michelangelo wrote a lousy book
But I can't paint a picture

I ran the 220 in nothing flat today
Killed a hundred Vietnamese
Even did my homework ironing
Thirty shirts in just an hour

I love my life I do
I do my housework go to my room
And sweep the ghosts from
Under my bed and sleep

VILLAGE LOVE

GARY WENZEL

Went Garrison was returning from the Village. He was returning to his home on Long Island. The commuter train clicked through the tunnel, lights along the blackened walls whizzed by, and then emerging it darted into the daylight, and he was out of Manhattan. The train swayed, and with it swayed a large woman who sat across the aisle with wrinkled shopping bags slumped against her bulking sides from either arm.

Went was in love, and he could feel it; in love with a Village girl. Her blonde hair, soft, caressingly soft, fell to warm, round shoulders; her blue eyes looked into his with a feeling of wanting to belong, to belong to someone. Went saw this in her eyes, and he thought it was meant for him. He loved the way her body flowed, the rhythm of her figure when she came so beautifully to him from across the room, or when she stood beneath the skylight of her studio before the easel, painting his sister Irene.

Kirsty, her name was Kirsten Michaels, and she was his sister's best friend. Went had first met Kirsty in Irene's apartment. Went could hardly help but fall in love with this girl. She was the culmination of his dreams, his longings; she fulfilled his ideal.

Kirsty was loved by him and adored by his sister. Irene and he had been very close, ever since their parents had been killed in an automobile accident when they were kids. Now the three of them were bonded in love, he thought. But then he remembered what had happened last night and he felt very strange. He told Kirsty that he loved her and wanted to marry her, but when she opened the small present he gave her and saw the diamond ring, she began crying, said he must never see her again, that it could never be.

It must be someone else, she must love someone else, he thought. Depressed, he had walked the lonely streets of Greenwich Village, not believing what had happened. Finally, confused and embittered, he resolved to leave and to forget. He stopped at his sister's apartment, packed, left a note telling Irene of his love for Kirsty and of his rejected proposal, of her reaction. "I love her deeply," he wrote, "and I will not give her up. I will let nothing stand in my way. No one else can have her." Went had caught the subway train at early dawn, just as his sister was returning from work to the apartment, and to the letter.

The train rolled on. I will have her yet, thought Went, somehow, some way. He sighed from his thoughts. He looked up. A few men congregated at the end of the car near the doorway into the next coach, looking away from one another as they talked, at rows of bolts on the metal floor, or power poles passing outside the window, or at the fat woman rustling her paper bags. They talked intently, yet without seeming to care what was said. Life seemed so futile, he thought, almost without meaning. Soon the train stopped, passing the signs along the station walls which indicated his stop.

Went left the train, the station, the Village and his love all behind, and walked to his apartment a few blocks away. The telephone was ringing when at last he reached the door of the apartment.

Went opened the door, crossed the room to the phone, and answered it. Kirsty's shallow voice said as she wept, "Irene died this morning, with your letter in her hand. She fell from the apartment window. She . . . she loved me."

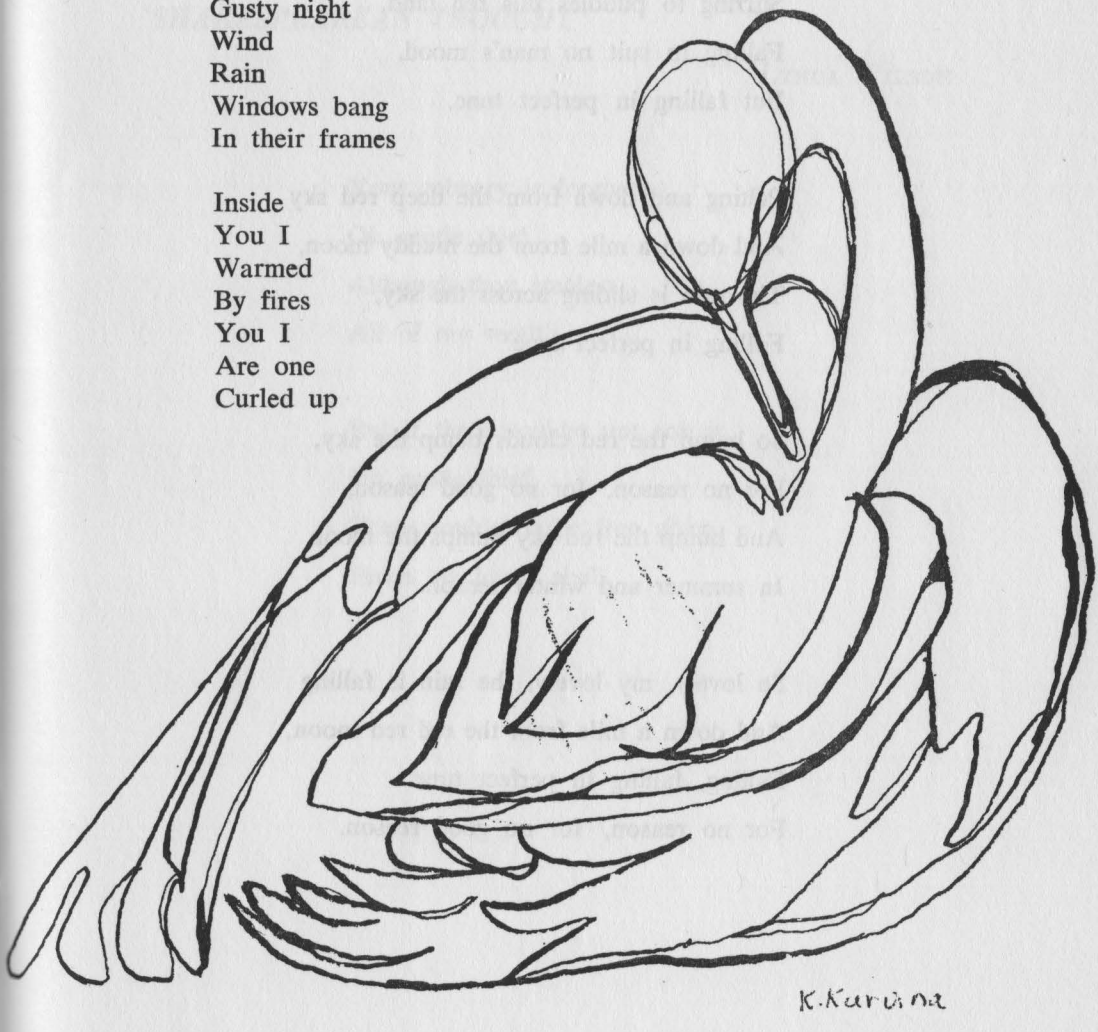
EMBRACE

ROLF REED

Brown leaves
Twisted
Clutch branches
Jagged
Thrust upon
Cloud-choked
Sky

Gusty night
Wind
Rain
Windows bang
In their frames

Inside
You I
Warmed
By fires
You I
Are one
Curled up



GEORGIA LULLABY

WILFRED BLAIS

The rain is falling in perfect tune,
Stirring to puddles this red land,
Falling to suit no man's mood,
But falling in perfect tune.

Pelting and down from the deep red sky
And down a mile from the muddy moon,
The rain is sliding across the sky,
Falling in perfect tune.

So bump the red clouds bump the sky,
For no reason, for no good reason,
And bump the red sky bumps the moon
In summer and winter season.

So lovely, my lovely, the rain is falling
And down a mile from the red red moon,
Falling, falling in perfect tune
For no reason, for no good reason.

SHAKESPEAREAN THOUGHT

LYNDA WILSON

Your robbery is forgiven,
Oh gentle thief,
Although thou stealest
All of my wealth.

But if thou wouldst not rob it,
Oh gentle thief,
Then wouldst it be free given
From my love's shelf.

ELIZABETHANS

PETER KNEISS

Gobbledygook, these maritime wars
Elizabeth reigns in her kingdom
Sir Francis Drake must give his head
To hell with the Spanish throne

Incest and bright-eyed Prince of Wales
The world is flat yet still
And here at this shining court we pray
The Lord will come and save us

He will He will He will He will
The party's about to begin
Bring in the dancers whose heart-shaped lips
And asses split Bible pages

The sea will save us from the popes
And prayer from our sins
When judgment comes we will be saved
Faith save us from our minds

TRISTAN

JAMES MORRIS

In his sandstone castle he
hides behind the closed drawbridge
and the sleepy rotting walls
decaying in their splendored ivy,
worm infested.

Well protected,
of great importance he must be,
yet lives in fear of flying birds
that give no thought to time-graced walls
and soar above them all so freely,
uninfected.

Age-incrusted,
I am not a dream corrupter,
I'll cut no breaches in your walls
or destroy the solitude within your halls;
sleep destroys them so much better.

CHILD OF THE SEA

DIANE FEDAK

A savage wind
Bites the beach
And the sea's voice
Echoes in the tide
The sea knows
I am beyond their reach
It knows
No one stands at my side

Faded sands drift and shift
Along the shore
Writing the sea's prophecy
The sea tells
So much more
Than their dull sophistry

A soft rain hits my face
As tears of memory
Burn my eyes
The sea moves at a rapid pace
Ignoring yesterday
And their hypocrisy and lies

Wandering
I find the sea
A refuge from their ways
When it fondly beckons
I can bid farewell
To their futility and dismay

CLEAN BEACHES

GARY WENZEL

The clean white sands
Brushed by blue sea-skirts
Capture my bare feet
As I run along in search

The sun-blue sky radiates
The footprint trail
I leave behind
Winding through the sands of time
In search of self
And soul and mind

In a breathless run
With salt-air wind
My eyes
My ears and body touch
The sea and sand and air
As on I drift in floatful ease
Hard pressed for answers
To war
Disease and death
And clean white bones
Upon the beach

CASTLE IN THE SAND

ROLF REED

This time the water went all the way up. It ate away at the east wall first, and caused one of the lookout towers to crumble. The next set of waves brought the froth up even farther, sending it rushing over the main wall, licking at the doors of the castle itself. Soon the entire fortress was ruined and small children stepped on it as though nothing had ever been there.

Joey Flynn looked up from the remains and peered through the glaring sunlight at the bathers. Most of them were just standing in the surf, yelling and laughing, and holding hands. A group of his friends were gathered about Father Love and they were all laughing. *Father's probably telling about Jimmie Whiting losing his trunks in the swim meet last year, and about the crazy things that happened at the beach house. Father's quite a man,* the boy mused. *He's not like Father Dudley, who only talks about religion and never does anything with us. Father Love really likes us guys. School sure was boring before he came. Now school is almost exciting. Father knows every boy in school by his first name,* the boy thought with pride.

Joey continued to look at the bathers through the glare of the hot summer sun. His smile faded and he felt uneasy. This feeling of uneasiness had been with him since the last week of school. He had awoken late in the night and had risen to go to the bathroom. On his way down the dimly lit corridor of the dormitory he had been startled by the appearance of a large human form, half sitting, half lying on the edge of Jimmie's bed, which was partly hidden from the other beds by a jutting partition. It was only after he had gone back to bed that he wondered who it was. The next morning he asked Jimmy who it was with him, but Jimmie had said sharply that he was alone. Ever since then, Joey had had occasional feelings of strangeness, especially when Father Love was around.

The water was beginning to flood the area where the boy was sitting, so he got up and walked out into the surf to his friends. He noticed that he felt very hot even though the water was up to his waist. He greeted one of his friends and asked him what he was doing. "Father's giving us rides," the boy said.

The boys of St. Michael's School were lined up parallel to the shore and the priest was pushing them, one by one, in front of waves so they could ride them in. He would float a boy in front of him by putting one hand under the boy's chest and the other on his rump, and when a wave came, shove him towards shore.

As Father moved down the line, Joey watched with feelings of growing excitement mixed with uneasiness. He watched as Father came to Paul, the boy before him, and Father spread his fingers over the boy's chest and slid his hand down to the boy's belly. With his other hand, Father gently pushed the boy's back until Paul was lying flat in the water; then the hand on his back slowly moved down until it came to rest on Paul's trunks. When a wave came, Father pushed against the boy's buttocks and Paul went riding towards shore.

Joey felt his body tense when Father moved towards him. The priest spread his hand over the boy's chest, just as he had done with Paul and all the others. As the hand began to move downward Joey felt he could stand it no longer. "Wait!" he cried. "You don't have to do it that way. You can just dive in front of them like this."

He dove in front of an oncoming wave and rode it a short distance, stopped and looked back at the group. "See, like that," he said. "It's easy!"

Father Love looked at him for a few seconds and then gave another boy a ride.

"I guess Father thinks that way's better, huh?" said one of his friends as the two headed for shore.

"Yeah, I . . . I guess so," Joey replied, as he walked resolutely from the water. He went back to his beach blanket and sat down. The sand in his suit was itching, but it was too hot to do anything about it. He noticed a couple of boys near him wrestling in the sand. He turned around to lie down on his stomach and noticed that someone's rosary beads had fallen on the sand. Without thinking, he covered them with sand, then rolled over and went to sleep.

PHEW!

WILLIAM BARTON

Alone on a raft
Upon the sea
I saw a craft
Approaching me

I'm saved
Thought I
As they waved
In passing by

So I shouted
And I screamed
I even pouted
In my dream

But suddenly I awoke
With a great sigh
For my skin was soaked
And my temperature high

Now for you who care
The moral of this poem
Says you must beware
Even within your home

When the water is deep
You find yourself in trouble
If you fall asleep
Bathing in a tubful

RUMBLE IN THE NIGHT

WILLIAM ANDERSON

A pale moon shone through the valley as darkness crept upon the tiny community, dwarfed by the mountainsides. Practically everyone had retired for the night as it was the harvest season and all were exhausted.

In the distance a low rumble could be heard and as the noise drew closer and louder several of those yet awake stirred with curiosity as to its origin. Hardly had they gotten outside when a strange force struck their residence and roofs started to fall in. The disturbance disappeared as the rumble faded on into the night, but the devastation was very great and widespread.

Immediately, rescue crews were organized and they began to dig for the bodies of the unfortunate victims. As the bodies were found, they were stacked one upon the other and the less seriously injured helped with the digging.

By sunrise the initial tasks were completed and before the day ended the ants had their hill restored, anticipating the return of the farmer's tractor.

IS THERE A GOD, OR WHAT?

JOHN STEYERS

I Making the Scene

Sandals and beards scrape
Bare feet and chins
Rain beats down on
Children
Grass
Polo shirts
Straight long hair
A guitar
A set of bongos

II The Tune

Dig Dig Dig Dig
Dig Dig Dig Dig
Dig Dig Dig Dig
That crazy Bartok sound
It's the driest
It's the wettest
It's the best
Worst
Longest
Shortest
Greatest
Latest
Craziest-sanest
Lowdown Bartok sound

III A Dancer

I am an unhappy child
Product of a broken home
I love/hate you
Won't you love/hate me

IV A Couple

We dance apart
We dare not touch
But Eros how we dance
I see you out of the corner of my half-shut eye
Peek-a-boo
I'm with you
Aucassin and Nicolette
Banziflor et Helena
Abelard and Heloise
Sex according to D. H. Lawrence
Is what everyone's doing
But
I always did prefer Salinger
Holden Caulfield's
Well
Tragic you know
And so
We antiphonies dance
Apart
But Eros
How we dance

V After the Ball

We rise
Our heads like steam
We grow
And where we go
I know
I know
The stratosphere
Ionosphere
Van Allen Belt and photosphere
Clear out to space
Or anyplace
Or near
Or here
Like nowhere man
But what the hell
We talk a good game

KITSCH

JACQUELINE BOROCH

If you know
The rules of the game
Come along and play
But if you don't
Beware!
It's a deadly game
A matter of overkill
Killing rabbits with elephant guns
One up
Slaughtered dead
Slashed
Shattered
Shot down with sneers

Mary Mild ascended to heaven
Spreading throughout the land
Joy and happiness

The White Knight
Spread truth
And white light

What Katy did
And didn't do
Would turn the whole world blue

One for Buddha
Inside joke
One to grow and holy smoke

The socio-politico-economico implicatio
Of Agatha Christie-o
Are tremendio-profundo-fantastico

I found this cat Shakespeare-io
Among the paperbacks of that great writer
A. Christie-o

And Christie-o
Is more profundo
Than he-o

If you ignore the warning
Or do not understand
You are outside
This inside
Strictly outside camp

ON BEING A VINE

MARY ANN STONE

Have ya ever considered being a vine? Of course not, not many people have. But then, not many people have considered being a cactus, either. But think about it a while, why don't ya?

All a vine ever has to do is creep and crawl around and cause a lot of people a lot of trouble. They have their good and bad days just like people. If he feels in a special good mood he might let a snake crawl over or up him and cool itself among his leaves. On the other hand, if he's in a special bad mood he'll strangle and choke away at some poor little defenseless plant until there just ain't no more life left in those there poor little xoelem and phloem tubes.

Some vines make an entire livin' just bein' mean and ornery. Take a poison ivy, for instance. Then some vines creep and climb up walls, peak around windows and just sort of blanket the whole wall with their purty foliage. Yes siree, some vines is just plain nice that way: spend all their life just keepin' some old cracky wall from fallin' all over the place.

Vines is smart too. Some of 'em sort o' sidle up to old ladies and get brought inside and are let to climb around on window sills and sinks and refrigerators and such. I tell ya, it's purty disgustin' what some vines'll go through just to stay inside where it's warm. Some of 'em even put up with havin' their leaves cleaned with some sort of salad dressin' — now if that ain't the height of hypocrisy!

That's enough about vines. Now just think about bein' a cactus.

A cactus is really a purty decent fellow. I tell ya, he knows when to blossom and be purty and then the rest of the time he's

just out to get one o' his little thornies into somebody. A cactus is brave too. He'd reach out an' nail a grizzly just as soon as look at him.

No siree, a cactus don't cuddle up with nobody, only as I said before, to jab a well-aimed thornie into him. An' he don't put up with none o' that pettin' an' cleanin' his leaves. He don't let nobody get too close, I tell ya.

Nope, don't give me none o' your creepy, crawly, good-for-nothin' vines. Just give me a cactus. Yes siree, I'll take a cactus any day over a vine.

PROBLEMS

WILLIAM ANDERSON

With the door slamming behind him he charged out to his car and raced out onto the street.

That damned woman. Who does she think she is? Nag, nag, nag. If she ever praised me just once, just once, "You don't understand." I DO understand. How can a man and woman get on each other's nerves so bad?

Damned light, turned red, hope nobody saw it. Our fighting must be hard on the kids. Poor things. It's not their fault. Bet it's tough in school. Love those kids. Dammit, here comes a cop.

He walked up to his office door on which was painted "Robert Johnson, Shipping and Receiving Clerk".

"Late again, eh, Johnson?" snapped the company president, Mr. Griggs, as he turned the door knob.

"Yes, sir, but I promise, next time —"

"There may not be another time if your department doesn't shape up. What's wrong with you, boy? You've been acting strange lately."

"I've got problems, sir, I've . . . "

"No excuses boy, we all got problems. Either snap out of it or get out. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

Bob Johnson walked on into his office and sat down at the large wooden desk where he had been working for three years since he flunked out of business school.

Go to Hell, Griggs. I don't need your damned job.

"Yes, Miss Jones? The order for the cotton content — sixteen pound. But I ordered it last week. I see. Well, I'll check on it myself."

Can't even trust my staff to do the right job. Griggs will be on my back; you can bet your shingle on that.

"Johnson, where are you going now?"

"Oh, Mr. Griggs. Why, I'm going out for coffee."

"Coffee, COFFEE? You just had lunch!"

"Yes, sir, I know, but my nerves. I can't seem to —"

"Johnson, why don't you take the rest of the day off? Maybe you'd like to look for a new job. We run a neat ship and a tight schedule around here. You know that, Johnson; you've been here long enough. Think about it, boy, think about it."

Johnson drove down the street, still stunned by the confusion of a trying day. He pulled to the side of the street and got out of his car. He looked around and picked out the nearest bar.

"Whiskey. Leave the bottle."

As the clock ticked around till three, Johnson guzzled drink after drink. He tried to gather some poise, paid his tab, and meandered back to his car.

He pulled out onto the street and drove towards home, oblivious of the fact that he was speeding and not aware of the school bus parked near the Center Hall Elementary School. Just as he was about to crash into the bus the emergency flashers came on. His trance broken, Johnson careened around it to avoid a collision. Instantly he heard a thud and looked into his rearview mirror.

Oh, my God, no. Two kids lying in the street. Can't stop! Why me, God, why me?

Johnson drove more slowly into his driveway but he was unable to get out of his car. He saw his wife come running from the house.

Now what? Keep mum about the accident. Maybe she heard I was drinking.

"Bob! Bob!" she screamed, "I'm so glad you're here. Someone hit Susie with a car. She's dead, Bob, she's dead!"

THE TWO SAGES: A FABLE

JOHN STEYERS

Two great Sages, with a number of their Apprentices, met, as was their yearly custom, on a day in spring. They met in their customary place, a lovely forest glade.

Now one Sage was old, and his sandals were tinted with gilt, and his hooded robe was green and gold, and belted with a golden cord. His Apprentices were dressed in similar costume, but not of such richness of material.

Now the other Sage was old, and his sandals were of leather naturally black, and his hooded robe was dark red and black, and belted with a black cord. His Apprentices were dressed in similar costume, but not of such richness of material.

When the two Sages were met, and the amenities exchanged, they sat opposite one another on the grass beneath the trees, with their Apprentices gathered about them.

The Sage in Red and Black spoke.

His year had been a full and a busy one. With much toil, and with the aid of his Apprentices, he had learned the exact number of the grains of sand in the Great Desert to the west. He had catalogued the shape of every one of the snowflakes which had fallen in that land during the preceding nine winters, and felt that he would soon be able to predict, with some certainty, just how many times a stone would have to be dropped before it would once fall upward.

And the Apprentices in Green and Gold gaped, and stared, and murmured inarticulately; and great indeed was their wonder at what the Sage in Red and Black had said.

Now the Sage in Green and Gold spoke.

His year had been a full and a busy one. He had, with much toil, and with the aid of his Apprentices, composed five epigrams of extraordinary power, beauty, and brevity.

He recited the first, and it was not twenty words long. It was of winter, and the sun seemed to pale, and the young leaves to turn to ice. All of the Apprentices shivered, and their teeth chattered, and they wished for warmer cloaks.

He recited the second, and it was not twenty words long. It was of the Sea, and the green of the sunlight shining through the young leaves became the green of deep waters, and the flowers became coral. All the Apprentices thought themselves floating at the will of the tides, and shivered as fish of many colors swam in and out among them.

He recited the third, and it was not twenty words long. It was of Wine, and the tall trees became the supporting columns of a merry tavern, and the lowering sun a great hearth blaze, roaring with fiery laughter. All the Apprentices could taste the sweetness and the sourness and the warm, tingling glow all at once, and some became, for a moment, as if drunken.

He recited the fourth, and it was not twenty words long. It was of Music, and the wind in the young leaves became the playing of violins, singing a wordless song which told the story of the birth, fear, pain, and ecstasy of a Race of Men in but a few moments. All the Apprentices wept, first with sorrow, then with joy.

The Sage in Green and Gold fell silent, and recited no more. And the forest glade was once more but a forest glade in spring.

The Sage in Red and Black shifted himself uncomfortably, politely scratched a small itch, and stretched forth one black sandal, so that feeling might return to his foot.

He spoke.

"Well?" he said.

The Sage in Green and Gold looked up, startled out of his meditation.

"There were only four," said the Sage in Red and Black. "You said you had composed five, yet I counted only four."

The Sage in Green and Gold looked into the displeased face of the Sage in Red and Black, and shook his head sadly.

"You will never understand," he said, as he and his Apprentices rose to go.

SLAVES OF SOCIETY

SHERRILL BLANKENBEHLER

I am supposedly one of them
They all want to be alike
They oppress all outsiders

They oppress the Jew
Because he thinks differently
He doesn't think like them

They all believe alike
Their religion is Christianity
But they don't follow Christ

They oppress the Negro
Because he looks different
He doesn't look like them

They all look alike
Their skin is white
Unless they want a tan

They oppress the individualist
Because he acts differently
He doesn't act like them

They all act alike
They claim to be free
But are merely slaves of society

RELIGIOUS QUERY

FRANK HOFFMANN

Comes a time in our existence
When life seems insecure
Some people turn to Lethe
While others turn to God

People sit in church
Many pray for help
Some wish only to be noticed
Few are worshiping God

Some ask whether God is
Others answer improbable
Someone must have started it all
Was it Darwin

Impossible

DIGNUM ET JUSTUM EST

JOHN FORSYTE

No atheist could cope
With October in these maple hills
Though the tallest of our mountains
Can never meet
Is it not more meat than just
That lovers must needs have flesh upon the bone

Yet it may altogether fitting be
Musically speaking that is
That organs not be played
By the thick-shinned
That violoncellos be played
By tall long-haired girls
That flutes and piccolos be played
Only by the very young
Though classical guitar well played
Is both tendentious and sententious

K. Kuruna

RESPONSE TO "INVICTUS"

JAMES MORRIS

in
retro-
spect
fallacies
forever
will ring true

but
future
tenses
change
before
my medium
predicts

how's
your
anus Janus

SLUM WARRIOR

CHARLOTTE ANNE WILSON

Moving figure
Among the shadows
Of an alley world
Brash dark coward
Made brave by a blade
A beetle scuttling
Afraid
Of the bald street light

JONES

ROLF REED

The alarm clock rang relentlessly. Benjamin Harrison Jones sat up sleepily in bed. It was the beginning of a new day, a day that would be filled with the events and surprises that illuminate life. But not for Jones. No, he would get on the same subway, go to the same place and push the same cart of dresses around the garment district as he had done the day before. The garment district: center of commerce and trade; one continual traffic jam of cursing cabbies, truck drivers, and vendors; soot-covered, trash-laden: the garment district, nearest thing to hell.

Yesterday there had been hope. Yes, yesterday he had been on his best behavior, for he was going to ask for a raise. *When you walk into that snarling mess today, Jones, choking in that foul air, you just say Yessir, if someone happens to call you by name. When your boss, Mr. Reynolds, sends you downtown to get him a box of his special cigars, you just say Yessir, I'd only be too proud to, Sir. When you return after running all over Brooklyn trying to find a box of cigars and that bastard, Reynolds, says put them over there, Nigger, be sure to say Yessir, glad to oblige, Sir . . . . Yeah, Jones, don't forget that Jones, don't forget that.*

With resigned movements he dressed himself and slowly shuffled over to the bathroom. He turned on the tap and, cupping his hands to hold the water, washed the remaining sleep from his face. As he looked in the mirror, he contemplated the face staring back at him. *Jones, you sure are black. Jones, you are so black you're blue.*

He thought this was funny and laughed. *Look at your eyes, Jones. Your eyes are like segregation, Jones, a little circle of black in a sea of white. Yeah, Jones, like segregation. Ha, I bet the boys downtown would like to hear that one. Segregation, that's pretty funny, eh, Jones?*

He picked up his toothbrush and, holding the tube of toothpaste in his fist, squeezed a stick blob out onto the bristles. He shoved the toothbrush into his mouth and started to rub it around vigorously. Up and down, back and forth. Soon his mouth was filled with white foam, but on he brushed, up and down, back and forth. He was daydreaming and did not notice the white foam flowing over his lip and slowly down his chin.

His thoughts went back to yesterday. He had been the model of subservience. *Yeah, Jones, you sure showed them how good you were. You deserved a raise. You didn't miss saying no Yessirs or no Nosirs. You treated that Reynolds like God Almighty Himself. All day long you showed Reynolds how you looked up to him, how you were only too proud to do whatever he wanted. Man, you didn't take your time when told to do something, you ran. All day long, Jones, you ran and you Yessir'd and you Nosir'd and you . . . . You were pushing that cart across the street and that goddamn white cabbie came around that corner so fast . . . It wasn't your fault the dress cart got turned over. You should've hit that cabbie in the teeth. Why did he have to curse at you? And those people stepping all over the dresses. I swear, they got no consideration. Reynolds was pretty mad. Lucky you didn't get fired. Just a cut in your salary.*

Someone stamped briefly on the floor upstairs. Jones gazed at the mirror and noticed the white froth oozing all over his chin.

Yeah, Jones, like segregation, he said, staring at the mirror. He picked up his big black hand and wiped the froth from his chin and shook it off into the bowl. He smiled as he watched the white slime being tossed in the water and gurgling down the drain.

PROTEST

FRANK HOFFMANN

Girls and
Bearded long-haired boys
Carry signs
Demanding a stop to the fighting

They sit on steps
Refuse to move
Even invade the White House
Though to no avail

These people say no
The government says yes
These people can't win
It's hopeless

SHALLOW FACES

WILLIAM ANDERSON

Whose are these shallow faces
    Lying in the sand,
Their bodies eaten by the ants
    That scour this no-man's land?

Where are these faces from,
    What reasons brought them here?
They look so void and empty
    In this foreign hemisphere.

I wonder who they are, I say,
    Looking all around;
But then I see a friend of mine
    Lying on the ground.

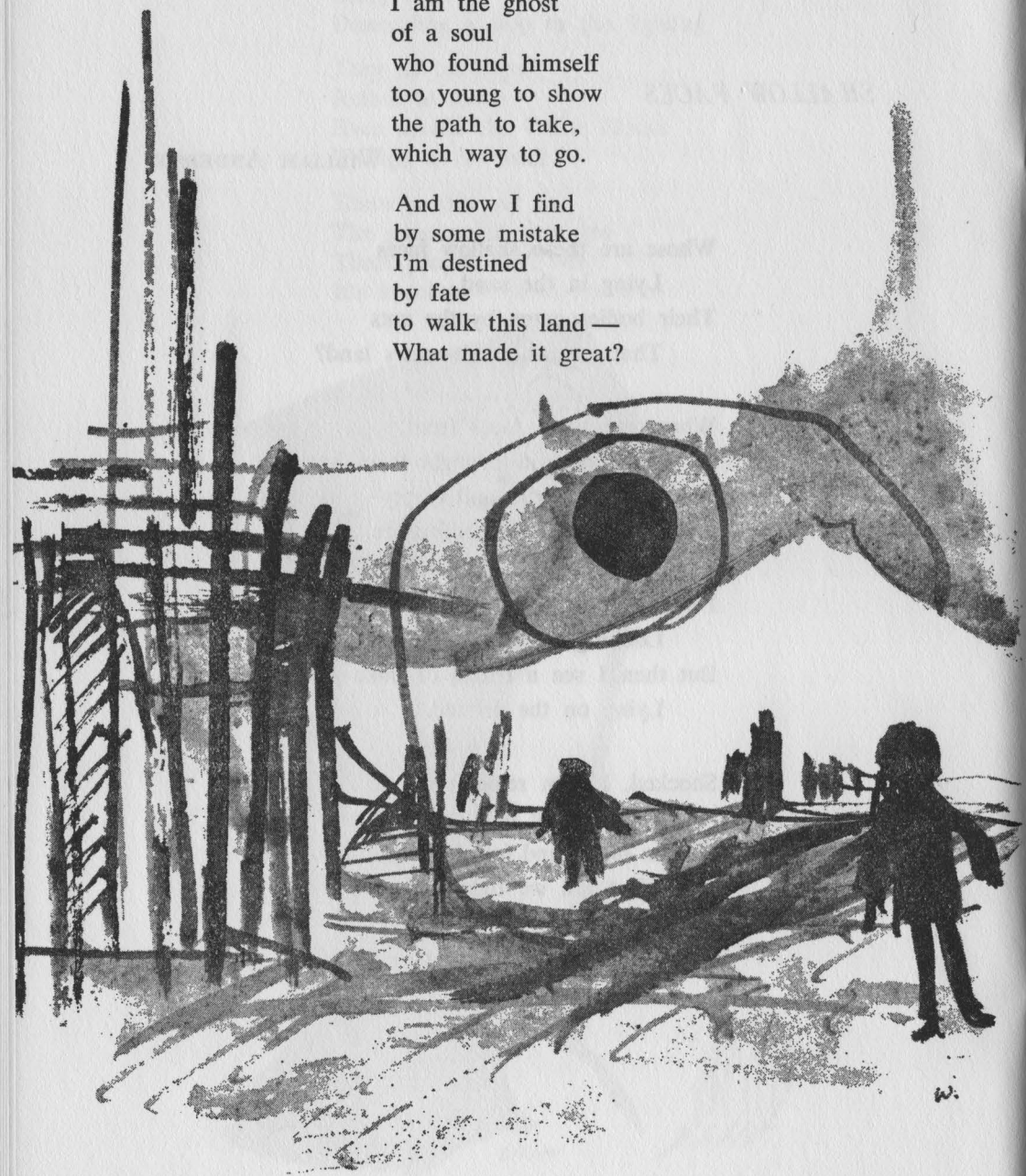
Shocked, I then remember
    How we all had run to shore,
Gun in hand, and fear in heart . . . .
    What are we fighting for?

EPITAPH FOR AN UNMARKED CHILD'S GRAVE IN HIROSHIMA

JAMES MORRIS

I am the ghost
of a soul
who found himself
too young to show
the path to take,
which way to go.

And now I find
by some mistake
I'm destined
by fate
to walk this land —
What made it great?



HISTORY'S TRACK

GARY WENZEL

Clickety clack into the black
Across a dark continent
Of frozen billboards
And dim city streetlights
Lining the avenues
Of an advanced civilization
Where space-age minds
And cave-man attitudes
Still live side by side
In the trailing grime and cinders

The first quarter mile
Man swung his ape arms
With a crushing unknowing
The last quarter mile
Gave rise to the wars
The boar wars were fought
By animal-man

The youth of the world
Arose to fit
The gray and the blue
The khaki brown
The olive green
And other-hued cloth
From the tailors of hell

The tailors of hell
Clickety clack
History's track

A GIFT FOR PEGGY

FRANK HOFFMANN

Joseph Forrester sat resignedly in his cell as if he had declared it his home. He was past middle age and looked a lot older than he was. His face was unshaven and white, with stubbly whiskers. His eyes were deeply set, and there was a scar across his right cheek. He had told everyone the scar was from the war, but the people in the small town didn't really believe it because he could tell the tallest tales in town.

The jail wasn't uncomfortable and he really didn't mind it. He had his own cell as did the other prisoners, and each cell contained almost a complete living quarters except for a kitchen. At the end of the hall was a big, thick, impassable steel door.

The only thing that Joseph was worried about was whether the judge and jury would find him guilty. He told the sheriff he didn't do it but the sheriff said that it was not his decision that counted. It was up to the jury and the judge what the verdict would be.

The sheriff told Joseph to get cleaned up because today his hearing would take place. Joseph took a hot bath and shaved his hairy face. He put on a clean white shirt and his blue suit. His shoes were brightly polished and he felt very dignified. A good appearance, he thought, might influence the jury favorably towards him.

The sheriff took Joseph across the street to the courthouse where it seemed all 550 inhabitants of the town had gathered. As he entered the courtroom the people were jeering him and yelling verdicts as if they were the judge and jury themselves. The court came to order and the judge described the events that led to Joseph's arrest. Joseph was being held as a suspect in a jewelry store robbery.

The object that had been taken was a diamond-studded medallion, and the owner of the jewelry store said Joseph must have taken it. Another man was present at the time and he, too, said it wasn't missing until after Joseph had left the store.

The information was presented to the jury and after a long period of time the jury had reached its decision. The jury said that since the medallion had not been found and the other man who was present at the store could not be found either, Joseph Forrester would be declared not guilty due to lack of evidence. Joseph was elated, but the other people in the small town refused to accept the decision of the court and proceeded to make life miserable for him.

The ensuing months were hard for him, indeed, because he was unable to find a steady job and thus had no income. Everyone in the small town was dead set against hiring a person who had once been in jail for stealing. His wife had also been disgusted with him and had moved to a friend's house on the other side of town. For the first time in his life he felt as if he hadn't a friend in the world — at least not in this town.

He managed to find enough odd jobs around the town to provide enough money to stay alive, but his future began to look very dim and he began to tire of his life of solitude. He couldn't figure out why the people felt the way they did; after all, he was proved innocent.

It was a rainy Saturday night when he felt as if he could take no more. He walked into the bathroom and took a green bottle off the top shelf. The bottle contained a large number of sleeping pills.

The next day when Jim Dawson, owner of the rooming house, came to Joseph's room to collect his rent he found his limp body lying across the bed. On the dresser was the empty bottle of sleeping pills.

Two days later everyone in the small town was present at his funeral. All the people who had denounced him came to pay their last respects. The people only spoke of one thing — whether they were right in excluding him from their society. They all left the funeral with a feeling of remorse, knowing that they had been the major cause for the old man's death. His wife was the sorriest of all because she had deserted him when he needed her most.

The following day his wife went back to his small apartment to gather up what belongings he had left. She had just about gotten everything cleaned up when she climbed on a chair and noticed a tiny box in the corner of a high shelf in the closet. She opened the box and to her astonishment found a diamond-studded medallion with a small note attached which read "With Love to Peggy".

She broke down and began to cry. Presently Jim Dawson came upstairs and said, "Mary, is everything all right?"

TEMPO OF THE CITY

FRANK HOFFMANN

Shadows fall suddenly in the street
As over the buildings the sun escapes
The people delve in darkness

Buses and cars dart frantically
Sirens and whistles inflate the air
The street screeches with artificial light

A faint human cry is heard
Then traffic muffles the sound
A child is lost

Old people try to keep up
They stop at corners catching their breath
The new generation moves much too fast

Workmen guide bungling jackhammers
Bodies vibrate electrically
People stare at the sweat-stained shirts

A young girl races across the street
The bus door closes prematurely
Her tender face swiped by disillusion

A newsboy stands at the corner
His clothes dirty worn and torn
Someone says keep the change and he smiles

A black limousine pulls to the curb
A couple in dazzling evening dress
Step ceremoniously out

They could care less
So swathed they are in filtered fumes
Of endless cocktails and false fleur-de-lis

Another black limousine waits beside a curb
Yawning until
A long black box slides in

A boy and girl walk slowly
Hands clenched together
They don't mind the tempo

CITY PARK REFLECTION

JAMES MORRIS

Pigeon dung
on sculpture
carved by memories
BUT
The pigeons don't know
or children care
whose Buster Browns erode
carvings of a
forty-year glory
NO
There are no monuments
other than love
and she is always
asking no praise
giving none
when home's the heart and
soul is
Breath more
than just a feeble excuse
for giving carbon dioxide to
daytime green
YES
The benches rot
and so do Paul and
George
and the rest of the Continentals
still fighting for Brooklyn Heights
BUT
Love rights
and will write
a new epitaph
on the tombs
of a thousand unloving
stone
fossils

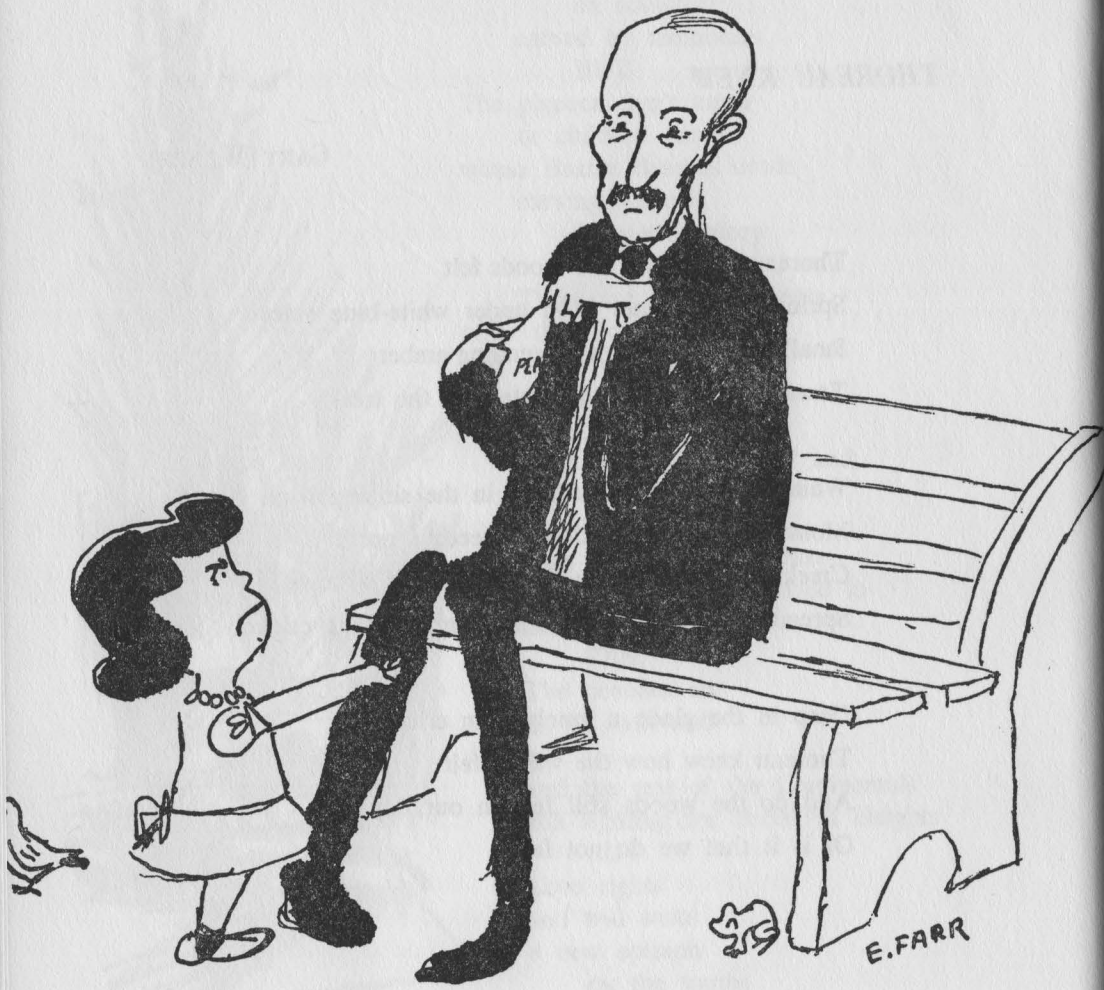
THOREAU KNEW

GARY WENZEL

Thoreau knew how the woods felt
Spring and summer born under white-blue skies
Small cleared meadows spreading amber
Toward the dark deep mystery of the trees

White birches bark-shedding in the singing wind
Mosses climbing the side of beeches north
Creeks stirring clear in the shadows of willows
Spreading fern and blades rustling with the cricket

Deep in the glade a lonely loon cries
Thoreau knew how the woods felt
And do the woods still feel in our day
Or is it that we do not feel


E.FARR

PEANUTS

WILLIAM ANDERSON

Old Man is sitting on a park bench at center stage. As he dozes in the late afternoon sun, Bum enters from stage right and stands near him.

Bum (Clears throat.): Mind if I sit a spell? (Clears throat again.) Say there. Mind if I sit a spell?

Old Man (Sitting up.): Eh?

Bum: Mind if I sit down a spell; been a hot day.

Old Man: Of course not. (Slides over to make room.) Sit down, it has been a hot day at that. (Bum sits.)

Bum: You from around here?

Old Man: Well, sir, I've been in this town for three weeks but I've been in America for twenty years, ever since my forty-second birthday. I'm mighty proud of it too. Been a citizen for fourteen years.

Bum: Then you got a job; maybe you could lend a guy a buck.

Old Man: Well now, I'll tell you. I don't have much. I get what little money I do have by traveling and lecturing to women's clubs on the need for understanding and love in this troubled world of ours. I'm a writer, never stay in one place for very long. Perhaps you have something on you that I may purchase.

Bum (Rummaging through his pockets.): Nope. Nope. Don't got a thing. Nope. Wait a minute! I've got some peanuts. (Produces a white but dirty and wrinkled bag of peanuts.) How about it? Like peanuts?

Old Man: Well, I'll tell you. I don't particularly like them myself, but I do like to feed them to the pigeons. Yes sir, I sure like to feed them to the pigeons. I'll give you fifty cents for them.

Bum: Sold! (Sets bag on bench and takes coin from Old Man.) Thank you. Guess I'll be going. (Rises, leaves stage left.)

Old Man dozes. Mother and Little Girl enter. Mother sits down, takes a book from purse and begins to read. Little Girl walks around the bench, singing to herself. Old Man sits upright and picks up peanuts. Smiling, he throws a few peanuts to the birds. Little Girl approaches him.

Little Girl: Hey mister; watcha got? Hey mister, are those peanuts? (Impatiently.) Are those peanuts?

Old Man: Yes, young lady, they are peanuts. Peanuts for the pigeons.

Little Girl: For the pigeons? For the pigeons! Can I have them?

Old Man: No. Little girl — go away, go away. These are for the pigeons.

Little Girl: Give me those peanuts!

Old Man: Please go away, little girl. You don't want these peanuts.

Little Girl: Mister, give me my peanuts!

Old Man: Your peanuts? I beg your pardon, but these are . . . Little girl, did you say your peanuts?

Little Girl: Yes I did. Now you give me my peanuts! (Grabs bag of peanuts from Old Man, sticks her thumbs in her ears and waves her fingers.)

Old Man: Spoiled child. (Shakes her and gains peanuts from her grasp.)

Old Man bends over to pick up peanuts. Mother clobbers him with her purse. Policeman enters.

Policeman: What's going on here? (Old Man stands up clutching peanuts, obviously very frightened.) You, fella, what's the problem?

Old Man: Me, sir? Me? No problem just now, sir, no problem. (Turns as if to leave, but Policeman grabs his shoulder.)

Policeman: Hold on, fella — just hold on. Lady what's your story?

Old Man: May I say, sir, I was feeding the pigeons when this young lady approached me and demanded that I let her have my peanuts. I refused, and . . . .

Little Girl: He's lying! He gave them to me. He's lying! He's lying!

Mother: Officer, this bum was molesting my little girl. A dirty old man like this is a menace to us respectable tax-paying citizens. If you ask me, I'd say he's a communist. Officer, I demand . . . .

Policeman: Hold everything! Now, fella. (Begins to write in a small notebook.) What's the name?

Old Man: Joe Vansaski, sir.

Policeman: Permanent address?

Old Man: I don't have one, sir. You see, I'm a writer and I . . . .

Policeman: A vagrant! Aha — corrupting the morals of a minor, suspicion of subversive activities . . . . O.K. commie, you're booked. Let's shake it, the sarge'll wanna talk to you!

Old Man: But . . . . but I did nothing wrong!

Policeman: O.K., move it, commie.

Eating peanuts, Little Girl watches as Old Man is led off. Mother suddenly grabs bag of peanuts, throws it to the ground, crushing peanuts underfoot.

WILD DOG PRINCE

MYRON SCHEVEY

"Here Prince, come here boy!" called Dick as he walked toward the family car.

"Dick, we'll have to go home now—," began Dick's father.

"And leave Prince here?" interrupted Dick. "He will starve or freeze. Anything might happen to him if we leave him here alone."

"Well, we've been looking for Prince for over an hour now, son, and you know how Mother worries when we're late. Chances are, Prince isn't hurt; a dog seldom gets hurt in the woods — especially around here where no trapping is ever done. Before anything happens to him he will wander into one of the houses near by and the people will take care of him."

A few hundred yards up wind from where Dick and his father had just broken camp, Prince, a large brown coon hound, was enjoying himself in a hollow.

About an hour after Dick and his father had driven off slowly and reluctantly, Prince returned to the camp site. When he found that his owners had left, he excitedly ran about the remains of the camp. Then he started following the road by which the car had arrived and left, until he neared a house just before dusk. The sounds and smells that came from people made him happy. As he approached, his head was high, his ears partly raised, his tail up and wagging, and his steps were quick.

Suddenly two dogs at the house began to bark savagely and run out toward Prince. But Prince turned with a dash and began racing back the same way he had come. Now he held his head low in front of him, his ears pressed back flat against his head, his tail between his legs, and the hair on his back and neck bristling. The dogs ran only about a hundred yards after Prince, but Prince ran until there was a considerable distance between him and the dogs chasing him.

After spending the night in a hollow tree trunk, Prince continued his search for his masters. As he walked past some buildings a man noticed him and his collar with a tag on it.

"Come here, fellow, come here," the man called to Prince. "Come here, boy, I'm not going to hurt you."

Prince walked towards the man who was speaking to him. Then, realizing that this was not his master's voice, he ran back into the forest.

As night approached, instincts, which had been dulled by years of being cared for by man, began to function, warning Prince that a storm was coming and to seek protection. He spent the night in a grove of hemlocks.

The next day hunger pangs caused him to leave his sheltered place in search of food. He traveled along the timber line a ways, coming to another group of buildings.

Suddenly a man shouted, "Get out of here, you mutt!" and threw something at Prince, tearing open the skin on his hind quarters.

Prince ran into the forest and traveled in search of food until it started to rain. Instincts guided him to find shelter in a grove of red pine trees. He curled up and slept next to the trunk of one of the pines until morning, when the sound of a herd of deer moving through the crusted snow woke him. Prince watched as one of the deer struggled a considerable distance behind the herd.

His survival instincts now let him see the deer as the solution to his hunger pains. He silently stalked across the snow, staying within the cover of the pines until he was about thirty yards from the deer who had fallen behind the herd.

He dashed towards the deer, his paws allowing him to run on top of the crusted snow. The deer tried in vain to flee, being unable to run because its hoofs dug too deeply into the snow. Prince leaped at the deer, tearing a chunk from its shoulder, as it lost its footing and fell in the snow.

The deer rolled on its back, kicking desperately at Prince, who slithered back with a howl of pain when a forefoot struck him

with a glancing blow. The deer struggled to its feet and stood facing Prince, who crouched snarling a few feet away. Then the deer reared on its hind legs, striking fiercely at Prince as he slunk forward.

Prince circled the deer, nipping at its flanks and rump, until it tried to run from him. Then he lunged forcefully at the deer, sinking his teeth deep into its neck and pulling it to the ground. He held fast until the deer lay limp. Then he feasted on the life-giving meat of his first kill.

From that day on, Prince never sought security in man, but became a part of the woodland in which he lived, dependent solely on the awakened instincts of survival which nature had implanted in his ancestors.

As time passed, Dick stopped worrying about what had happened or might be happening to Prince and remembered only the many wonderful times they had had together.

THE HEART OF A HUNTER

SUSAN LISOWSKI

Tomorrow was the day. David could hear the men talking downstairs. Last year he would have been anxious to listen to their wild stories of long past hunting adventures, but not this year. This year was different. For the first time, he would be allowed to go deer hunting with his father and the other men who stayed with them during deer season. He just couldn't stay up and listen to their stories tonight, though; he needed a good night's sleep to be prepared for the next morning. Besides, the stories were the same year after year. If they changed at all, it was only that they became more unbelievable and more exciting with each retelling.

Sleep did not come easily. It seemed that at every moment wild waves of excitement surged through his body. And even in his sleep, the excitement would not quit its hold.

Morning came swiftly. David awoke to the sound of clumsy men banging away in the kitchen. He looked at the alarm beside his bed and realized it was six o'clock. "Well past time for any hunter to be up and around," thought David, as he threw off the warm covers.

Soon he was in the kitchen wolfing down a hearty breakfast of pancakes, sausage, and strong, black coffee with the other men.

Around the breakfast table flew the fast talk of deer hunting. Last minute instructions came at him from all sides. "Be sure you have the safe on unless you see a deer," said a voice on his left. "Never shoot unless you are sure of your target," added another. "If you should happen to shoot a deer and only wound it, shoot it again. If the deer is lying down, carefully go to it and slit its throat. Remember, a wounded deer can be dangerous," warned another voice.

"That's right," said the voice that belonged to his father. "But there isn't any reason for you to only wound a deer. You're a steady shot if you don't get excited. Take careful aim at your deer and force yourself to keep calm."

"I'll remember. I'll remember it all," thought David. "You'll see. I'll get my deer today."

"Now Ed," said the leader of the gang, "you drive around the top of the hill. Sam, about two hundred yards from Ed. Tom, you and Walt go around the bottom of the hill. David, your position will be to stand watch at the edge of the woods. I'll drive through the center toward you."

"Now, everyone got his whistles? The more noise you make the more we'll get those deer to run. You men ready? Come on."

The men took their places and waited for the exact minute when deer season officially opened. David leaned against a tree. Anxiously he checked his watch. "Only five minutes to go," he thought as he picked up his sixteen-gauge shotgun and aimed at an imaginary deer.

Suddenly the sound of footsteps crunching on the snow behind him jolted him out of his reverie. He swiftly turned to see a magnificent stag standing a short distance away. The head of the buck was raised to sniff the air. The yellow-white antlers glistened in the early morning sunlight. At this moment, the shrill sound of whistles pierced the air. With his tail raised, the deer began to run.

"He's coming my way," thought David frantically. "I've just gotta be calm. Remember, be calm. I might miss him. I just gotta be calm!"

WHAM! sounded the gun as it answered the forced pressure of David's finger. At the same instant, the deer seemed to drop from flight. Down it fell to the ground. In horror, David saw a gush of red flow from the buck's side. The red stain fell upon the snow in great splotches. The deer pulled himself to his feet, lunged, then sank to his knees.

A shocked silence enclosed David and the deer. "Oh my God, no," whispered David. "No, no, no, I didn't! I don't want it to be done. I don't want him to die."

The gun slipped from his fingers and fell to the frozen ground with a dull thud. David came closer to the deer. It was making

sounds. "No one ever told me about the noise," thought David. The agonizing squeals of the wounded animal seemed to fill the air.

As David came closer, the buck sensed the presence of a human being. In a desperate attempt, the deer staggered to its feet and stumbled a short distance. With a crash, it fell to the ground. David knew that the final bid for life had failed.

"I've got to slit his throat," thought David, fingering the sheath of his knife. He walked to the now still form. Taking the knife in his hand, he plunged it deep into the neck of the deer. A sickness swept through his entire frame, and the hand — his hand — drew back from the handle of the knife. A huge lump which he could not swallow formed in his throat.

David fell to his knees beside the deer. The lump began to choke him as tears filled his eyes. Slowly he touched the head of the deer. In a sob-racked voice, he began to sing a song he remembered his mother singing to him when he scraped a knee or cut a finger. The air filled with the smell of warm blood. The gloves on his hands grew red with the same sticky substance.

How long he sat like that, David didn't know. He only knew that all at once the men began shouting congratulations at him, slapping him on the back, shaking his hand, while he suddenly felt very, very sick.

A LOST FRIEND

GARY WENZEL

For Charlie there were no more baseball games, Sunday TV shows, or comics, or playing in the fields, or charging the treehouse, for sometimes the Black Knight had to win. Life was not like in the comics. Charlie knew.

* * * * *

Six small things ran through Charlie's mind. He opened his eyes again slowly, squaring his vision off level with the field. Six small, scampering figures in baseball uniforms tossed a ball around the outfield. Between homeplate and the mound the pitcher, catcher and first baseman were conferring in a huddle on what strategy should be used on Moose Wilson, the slugger, next to bat for the Fairfax Tigers.

Bobby Whitehill, the pitcher, was solemnly tossing the ball into his glove, having done it automatically ever since the glove was brand new, in order to form a good pocket for scooping up grounders or sucking in those line drives hit to the pitcher. He was twelve, his last year in Little League. Charlie really didn't know this, but he did know Bobby was a good kid. Like when Bobby would go running through the fields out back of the house on Sunday afternoon, when no one else would, everyone busy taking a nap or reading the Sunday papers.

Sunday comics were fun, too; the colors were fascinating, and Bobby would often read aloud "Li'l Abner," or "Prince Valiant", which was always on the back page. Then they would run outside and charge the treehouse, Bobby throwing stones and shouting to rout the enemy, just as Prince Valiant would charge the castle of the Black Knight, climbing up the tree house so fast that there wasn't time for the evil knaves of the Black Knight to pour boiling oil over the ramparts. Bobby ran them all through with a willow branch, and afterwards they'd go watch "Huckleberry Hound" on TV. That was Charlie's favorite cartoon, Bobby would always say, when relatives would come to visit Sunday afternoon, and sat in the living

room talking to Bobby's mother or father during the show. Charlie would just sit quietly listening to all that went on.

* * * * *

There were shouts and screams from the people in the bleachers and Charlie opened his eyes up wide. Slugger Wilson was rounding first base and a small white ball was floating through the air just around where the creek ran. Charlie excitedly pictured the ball splashing into the small, gurgling stream where he used to catch skippers off the top of the water. Bobby trudged off the field slowly; the game was over and they had lost. Charlie knew Bobby felt bad. After the coach bawled the team out, Bobby came over to get his bike and said "Come on, Charlie, let's go home."

On their way home, crossing Maple Avenue and Main Street, Bobby was meandering his bike thoughtlessly across the intersection. Charlie stopped instinctively at the corner as Bobby had always told him to do. Suddenly a car roared around Maple Avenue onto Main, into the intersection. Charlie heard the terrible screech of the brakes and smelt rubber burning. The car turned sideways and threw Bobby down the street. His bike was thrown onto Mr. Johnson's lawn, third house from the corner. People ran out of houses, swarmed around the car and around Bobby. An ambulance siren screamed out from down Main Street. Charlie got as near Bobby as they would let him. Then someone put a coat over Bobby. Just like that the small limp figure of his friend disappeared from his sight and from his world. He went over to the spot where Bobby had lain. Why did cars have to go so fast?

* * * * *

As Charlie walked through the house, which seemed so still and empty, they paid no attention to him. Charlie went out the back door into the yard and found himself under the large maple tree where the treehouse rested in its spreading branches. The Black Knight had had his vengeance; Bobby had been run through. Charlie could not understand why, he could only feel the loss.

The nights after long, lonely days, became unbearable. Charlie would raise a cry from a low moan to a wailing howl in a keen which could be heard echoing throughout the silent neighborhood.

Mr. and Mrs. Stone lay in their warm bed. Awakened once more by the reverberating howls, Mrs. Stone rolled over toward her husband and grunted in vexation, "George, I've had it!"

George answered yawningly, "Yeah, why couldn't it have been the mutt instead of Bobby?"

"If you don't call the pound in the morning, I will!"

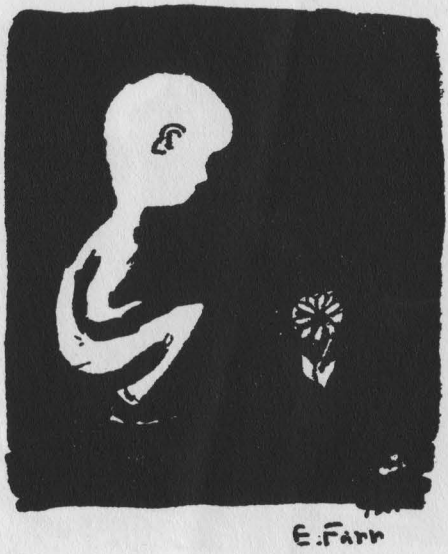
THE WORLD I SEE FROM

GARY WENZEL

The world I see from my hill
The world I love and know
Is the only world I want to know
Or my mind will let me know

This lovely little world I feel
With petals soft as dew
And cricket harps upon my thoughts
I love and call my own

When I leave the world I see from my hill
And it fogs in mires of strife
I will long for rest in darkening woods
And dream of return to my hill



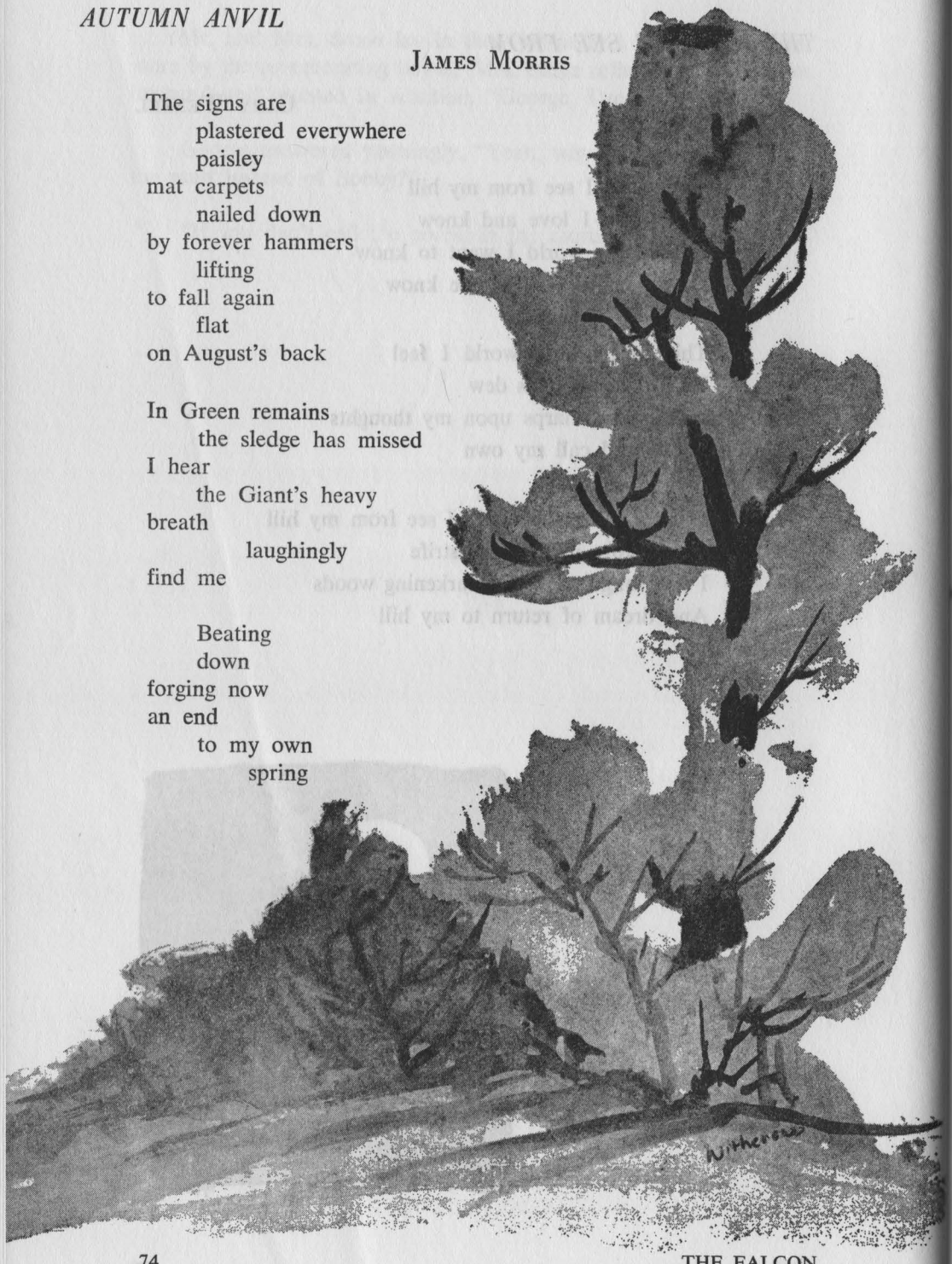
AUTUMN ANVIL

JAMES MORRIS

The signs are
    plastered everywhere
    paisley
mat carpets
    nailed down
by forever hammers
    lifting
to fall again
    flat
on August's back

In Green remains
    the sledge has missed
I hear
    the Giant's heavy
breath
        laughingly
find me

    Beating
    down
forging now
an end
    to my own
        spring



EARLY MORNING IN LATE AUGUST

JOHN FORSYTE

First chasm chills rise
Creepingly to another sun
Flowers of a dry year
Nearly done
Yawn resignedly
To a process
Destructive from the first

Derelict bottles and wheels rest
In broken stubble that was lawn
Two old beagles set out to bugle brightly
One south one west
While other dogs still
Lie asleep inside
Soiled-bottom doors

TWILIGHT RHETORIC

JAMES MORRIS

Who called you yesterday
when sunlight spent of strength
lost again to the subtle power
of moon
and star?

Who tapped you on the shoulder
and whispered a numbing command
like
Worship, worship . . . ?

And you
wondering who (on earth) it could be
turned just in time to see
green grass hillsides
become
the darkened hairy breasts
of earth
once more.

Whose hand ran its finger
down your spine
to exaggerate the warmth
within
your soul?

TWO TRIOLETS

WILLIAM BARTON

I

So violent does life seem
To the modern youth
If only it were a dream
So violent does life seem
Overseas together as a team
In defense of freedom's truth
So violent does life seem
To the modern youth

II

Wild child
Parents' pride
Oft beguiled
Parents' pride
Problems piled
So you lied
Wild child
Parents' pride

PARODOS

JOHN FORSYTE

Glorious entrance
Color stance and mood
Gay noble gesture dance
Entrance glorious
Exit but entrance
Or could be
Glorious entrance
Color mood and stance

*FOUR BY FIVE**

the hand that rocks the cradle
shapes and shakes
unwitting inhabitant

DORIS HURLEY

passion
you rapist of the soul
blinded candor and an undeft truth

ROGER HAYDEN

trees green
in the ordered symmetrical sadness
of man-created madness

ROLF REED

an apple blossom's pink explosion
haiku-like
startles a staling cow

JAMES MORRIS and JOHN FORSYTE

*Four *haiku* by five poets.

REMORSE

PETER KNEISS

I went to visit my soul
The nightbird sang
And love was deep
But my soul wasn't home

The key wasn't in the mailbox
And it started to rain
The snow rained wet
And crooked daisies
All day on the no-past window
Of this I-don't-care house

My soul is out in the world
It isn't safe
Not in cars like
Horses gone mad
With rabid dogs chewing
On cellophane dolls

I miss my soul
The quiet one
That gave me comfort

Put my slippers by the fire
Beat back the raining snow

HAPPINESS

RUTH LOCKHART

The icicle fell
to the ground
with a crash
like that of thunder
but also with the
sweetness of a
glass chime
that tinkles in
the wind

Velvety black birds
glided across the sky
in search of food
landed
only to find none
only snow
hard and
crusty snow

As the sun glared down
on the white earth
the snow began
to melt
slowly

When the morn of
the new day dawned
it was gone
all that was left was
murky gray slush
and mud

The whiteness and purity
of yesterday
had faded
like happiness
an illusion

HOPE

SHARON NIMTZ

Fog drifts lazily
Across frost-laden fields
So do my thoughts

What's beyond the fog
I cannot see now
What the future breeds
I dare not know

Gray sky above
Clouds my life

Tomorrow
And there is a tomorrow
The sun's rays may illumine this haze

RECIPE

LYNDA WILSON

Add one cup of darkness
To a bowl of living room;
Stir in some background music
And pillows with a spoon.

Add just a pinch of warmth
To some light conversation
And what have you got?
R-e-l-a-x-a-t-i-o-n

REVERIE

RUTH LEVANIOS

Over the mauve meadow
The melon earth cradles
An old cerulean pond
Waxen oyster lilies float
Like cups on their saucers
In the tearoom at home
A tiny bisque turtle basks
Upon the smooth buff pebbles
Near
A lime fly alights to hum
The ecru grasses to sleep
The wind sits to rest
On a dry gray stump
Where periwinkles
And thistles grow
A fresh breeze taking up
Its long curved scythe sweeps
Plum and salmon blooms
Together
And I
I lie in madder reeds to watch
China clouds
And ochre-tan sun smile
On the mauve meadow
In the cerulean pond

THE JOURNEY FROM JUDECCA

JOHN FORSYTE

As the train began to pull out of Grand Central Station a feeling of overwhelming relief and satisfaction came over him. The tensions of the city suddenly began to vanish as he leaned back his head, feeling so clean, so new, so happy. Everything he wore was new; he had gone to Rogers Peet and chosen the very best, and for once he was clothed under and outer, from head to foot, in the finest of fashion and taste.

His thoughts drifted back to the previous summer. So desperate had he been for some refuge from the heat and noise, the dirt and crowds, that he developed the habit of going to mass on his way to work. The little church was squeezed in among skyscrapers like a struggling plant in a garden gone to weeds, but it was dark and cool inside, and the well-waxed floors and flickering candles radiated peace.

Father Salette was visiting priest and lived in the rectory while attending Columbia for the summer. In his late twenties, dark and stocky, his brief sermons and thick, cultured accent appealed to Peter. There were never more than a dozen or so worshiping at those early morning services. One morning Father had looked at Peter and asked if someone would come forward and act as server. Afterwards in the sacristy their friendship began. Though a brilliant scholar, the priest's command of English was merely by the book, and consequently he was compelled to keep to himself, suffering from inability to communicate freely and readily. In no time at all Peter was invited to the rectory whenever he had a free evening. The priest gave vivid accounts of summers spent in such fascinating cities as Havana and Rio de Janeiro.

And so Peter, who had never found in this city anything remotely resembling genuine friendship, unexpectedly began to find meaning to the furious, pointless pace that he was leading. He had never been close to a priest before, and he appreciated this chance to help this kind, urbane minister of God out of his pronunciation and other English language difficulties. At the end of the summer Antoine — the priest had insisted that Peter call him by his first name — invited him to come up to visit him.

On his Christmas card Peter had written that he was now able to make the trip and would like to come up the first week end in January. And now he was on his way, journeying to a strange, new country with old world customs and language. As he raised the blind of his upper berth to the early frosty dawn he almost gasped at the spectacle of such quaint buildings poised upon the rocky heights. My cup runneth over, he thought as he lay back in his berth.

There was no one to meet him when the train made what for him was its final stop. Inside the bright depot he rushed to a phone and called the university. "Who is calling, please?" came a young man's voice. Soon the voice came back coldly with "*Père Salette ne répond pas*" and a click of the receiver.

Peter walked through and outside the depot. The icy wind struck straight to the heart. He searched about and fled into the warmth of a cozy restaurant where he ate idly at a heavy, tasteless breakfast. It was just ten o'clock when he rose and resolutely crossed through the stinging snow into a waiting taxi.

The university rose on a hill across the river. Its austere, formal gray buildings looked hoarily formidable. He got out at the main building and, while the taxi sailed smoothly away, mounted the many steps with difficulty.

"Father Salette? Ah yes, you called before. *Un moment*, I call his room," said the young man at the switchboard knowingly and with a trace of sly sarcasm.

Peter was shown the way to Father Salette's rooms. After the second knock the door opened. The priest appeared, dull-eyed and flushed, a half-filled glass in his hand. Peter was quietly directed to an ample armchair. "You see," the priest began, "I have a friend coming to me this evening." Peter's eyes shifted and came to a large marbletop table on which stood an enormous vase full of the choicest bright red roses. Catching Peter's gaze, the priest grinned wryly. "Yes, they are from him. He is very rich, always giving me things. He is famous hockey player from Toronto. We will be together until classes recommence."

Peter could find nothing, but nothing, to say; it would be too ironical to mention anything about the long-awaited trip. So he stood and started for the door.

"Pe-tehr!" This strange pronunciation of his name which had sounded so endearing suddenly irritated him. "Pe-tehr, where will you go?"

"Oh, I found a suitable hotel downtown."

"Can I drive you somewhere?"

"No. Thank you just the same. I can manage all right."

"I am so sorry, Pe-tehr. What a pity . . . . "

"Yes . . . ," Peter mused.

"You may call me tomorrow. I am going to my family for dinner in the evening. Call me from your hotel towards six and I will pick you up."

"O.K.," Peter replied, adding, "unless I decide to get the early train back."

Peter began to walk the long way back down the long hill toward the city. As he passed over the vast bridge he turned his face to the painful bite of the snow and wind and stared down at the frozen chasm below. It took all his energy to reach the other side.

After dinner that night the movie fare appeared so dull he found a respectable bar near his hotel. As he drank sadly in the semi-dark, fumy atmosphere the warmth and fragrance of his drink set him dreaming of eternal summer and tropical delights somewhere far away.

His reverie was suddenly interrupted by a face swaying toward him from the left — that of a tall, thin man, a serious face.

"A man mush . . . a man . . . mush . . . ," the man began, then caught himself as he leaned too far.

Peter, annoyed, turned a puzzled gaze toward the man saying, "What?"

"A man mush . . . mush . . . a man mush shtand!" To reinforce his utterance, the man, who bore every indication of being an otherwise quiet, shy, harmless individual, slid off his stool, slapped both hands down on the bar for support and raised his swaying hulk to its full towering height.

After several repetitions, each more blatant than the one preceding, Peter, in an attempt to calm the man, asked, "What do you mean? Now, exactly what do you mean by that?"

The man shook his finger, repeating only what he had said and done before. Peter picked up his drink and turned to move away, when the man struck his fist down hard on the bar and said, "A man mush shtand . . . alone!"

DEFINITION OF A MAN (1)

BARBARA KOCHER

Philosophers down through the ages have offered their sage advice to man that he might endeavor to apply that wisdom to creating a meaningful and productive life. "It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives" wrote Samuel Johnson more than two centuries ago. Today, the way in which a man lives still determines whether he is an acceptable member of humanity.

What approach should the man of today make in his search to establish his identity? He must use his talents to the fullest; he must believe in himself and have convictions; he must be determined to strive for success. Euripides said, "I think that Fortune watcheth o'er our lives surer than we. But well said: He who strives will find his gods strive for him equally." Francis Bacon expressed a similar opinion in the statement: "Chiefly the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands."

A man must think; he must be aware of and inquisitive about the world around him. Above all, he must be organized. A true man will approach life with moderation and tolerance, with love and kindness toward all mankind.

A man who sits lethargically as the tides of time ebb and flow about him is not a man. A man is a creature of action who will accept responsibility for the position in which he finds himself and strive to make use of his God-given talents. In one of his novels Thomas Wolfe wrote: "If a man has a talent and cannot use it, he has failed. If he has a talent and uses only half of it, he has partly failed. If he has a talent and learns somehow to use the whole of it, he has gloriously succeeded, and won a satisfaction few men ever know." Then, and only then, is man truly a man.

DEFINITION OF A MAN (2)

ELAINE BALDWIN

The American male is measured by his material possessions and virility. In today's competitive world one of man's goals is financial success. The influence, authority, and selfishness used to achieve a position in the business world are necessary, but extremely corruptive, devices. Man is turned into a cruel beast by ambition and greed. Another important goal today which a man strives for is masculinity and sexuality. A man must be a great lover and a conquering hero.

Besides these goals, the ideal American man is characterized by his drinking, smoking, gambling, and use of profanity. He is a slave of the social code and must conform entirely or be excluded from upper-class society. He must be able to drink and smoke excessively; he has to know how to gamble and play cards expertly; he must be adept at telling uncouth jokes and using profanity effectively.

However, possession of the above characteristics and qualities does not constitute a real man. A real man has wisdom, faith, understanding and intelligence; he is kind, humble, religious, but above all, honest. Nonconformity may actually be his goal. He is a lover of the fine arts and cultivates his interests in such fields as music, art and poetry.

Society demands that a man never find a resting place, that he search continually for something. That something should be knowledge. Francis Bacon said, "The mind is the man, and knowledge mind; a man is but what he knoweth."

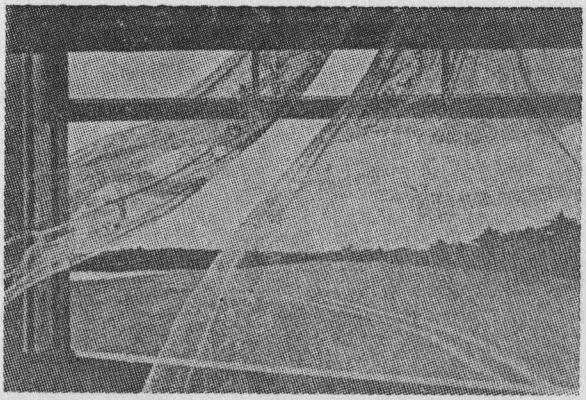
CHRISTINA: A FREE SOUL

RUTH LEVANIOS

Christina is old now. She is dying of polio. When you first saw her, she had been picking berries near her mother's grave. Turning slowly, she began to crawl through the maize weeds, which bristled like the spines on a porcupine's back, in the dry, open field.

Above her on the desolate hill, the old farmhouse quivered in the wind; the thin gray clapboards were ruffled like the down of a small bird. On the roof, gray-green moss grew over the north-side shingles. A single ladder with three broken rungs, its paint long since chipped off, leaned against an upper story window. A solitary tool-barrel was propped against the sway-back fence. Lonely tracks, like a long-forgotten cowpath, wound down the hill and away to nowhere.

Christina paused, suspended in time, an ageless woman in her faded pink dress, her clay-colored hair gathered in a loose bun at the nape of her neck, and wisps playing with the wind. The wall of the hill had nearly trapped her crippled body, unprotected and alone, in the open field.



Inside, the house smelled of pipe tobacco, old cloth, wood chips, and kittens. Upstairs, in the abandoned room, you opened the window toward the sea. The delicate, old filmy curtains were eaten with moth holes and must-rot. You turned and were startled by your own reflection in the dusty looking-glass. Suddenly you understood Christina.

Downstairs in the kitchen, where Christina keeps house for her brother Alvaro, there was a big woodstove with logs and chips piled beside it. Alvaro's chair was there and his big, soft felt hat, floppy and out of shape. There sat Christina, in an old wooden rocker, nursing a sick kitten in her large, pale, crippled hands. Christina loves animals; kittens are a part of her world.

Christina is many things: she is witchcraft, the power of a way of life, New England. She is mysterious, elusive, alone. She lives in her own world, a world which she has created through years of confinement. Christina is the very depth of human spirit, proud and independent.

She stubbornly clings to her own way of life and refuses to use a wheelchair or to let anyone see how she manages to move about. She is her own pillar, an absolute monarch of her world. Her special knowledge of hardship has made her inner character strong. She is reserved and withdrawn from the mainstream of

life, dependent only upon herself. It is her very independence which mirrors the free soul of every man.

The last time you saw Christina, she was sitting on the jagged wooden stoop staring out into the sunlit back yard, a weathered face against the weathered wood of the door. She was sitting strong and alone against the world outside.

Christina is alone, but she shares with every spirit that free part of the soul.

The three paintings by Andrew Wyeth reproduced above bear the titles "Christina's World" (1948), "Wind from the Sea" (1947), and "Christina Olson" (1948).

THE DEATH OF MAN

RODNEY SHEER

In the darkness known so well
In the bitter flames of hell
There tears were free
The heart so bitter

That time that place were named
The Death of Man
But none could hear
And none could understand

SILENCE

LYNDA WILSON

It is quiet in the halls
Lights blink off one by one
Something clatters when it falls
Then there is silence

It was quiet when the world began
Before there was life and sounds
With one loud crash the earth will end
Then there will be silence

OBLIVION

ROLF REED

I struck a match and watched it burn —
A body torn from the roll call of nihilism
Suddenly given life by my indifferent hand.
The flame flickered bright with sporadic vigor
And it seemed that surges would go unchecked —
But the spirit slowly mellowed
Until the spine was gray and bent:
A silent cry of smoke
Drifting
into
the
un-
caring
night.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

William Anderson is a junior social studies major from Tunkhannok, Pennsylvania. He is president of Student P.S.E.A. His pastimes include hunting, camping, and walking.

Elaine Baldwin, a freshman from Troy, is majoring in elementary education.

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Kenneth Lindquist is a freshman from Lincoln Park, New Jersey. He is a prolific writer, and his work appears frequently in *The Flashlight.*

Susan Lisowski, a junior from Covington, Pennsylvania, is an English major.

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James Morris, a freshman English major, is from Boston, Massachusetts. His campus activities include the Debate Team, The Players, and *Les Jongleurs.*

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Rolf Reed, a junior, is a liberal arts student majoring in English. He is from Wethersfield, Connecticut, and enjoys sailing and deep-sea fishing in New England waters during the summer.

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Rodney Sheer, a junior mathematics major, is from Wellsboro, Pennsylvania. He enjoys philosophical debates.

John Steyers, a member of the English department, is a native of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. He obtained his B.F.A. and M.F.A. degrees in drama at Carnegie Tech and has also studied at Cornell University. He received the Carnegie Campus Writing Award and the George C. McCalmon Playwriting Award. He writes poems, plays, short stories, and short novels. He also writes scripts for films and educational TV.

Mary Ann Stone is a freshman from Port Allegany. She is majoring in elementary education, and her special interest is in science which is her minor.

Gary Wenzel, from Williamsport, is a major in English education. His interests range from participation in sports to creative writing.

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